THE

SPANISH LADY.

(Price One Shilling.)

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Drupl (6)
643. i. no(2)

THE SPANISH LADY,

A

MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT,

IN TWO ACTS.

Founded on the PLAN of the

OLD BALLAD.

As perform'd at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in COVENT-GARDEN.

Will you hear of a SPANISH Lady,
How she woo'd an ENGLISH Man.
OLD BALLAD.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY J. COOPER, IN DRURY-LANE.

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THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN,

December 8, 1769.

THE following ſcenes were written on receiving the news of a ſignal conqueſt, gained in the Spaniſh Weſt Indies, by the Engliſh forces in the year 1762, and intended as a ſmall tribute to the noble family who had the direction of that important expedition. It was accordingly licenced and rehearſed, when ſome public commotions in the theatrical world, prevented the intended exhibition; ſince which, it has been once acted for a performer's benefit.

It has now undergone ſome few ehanges and abridgments, and is to be conſidered merely as the ſtory of the Spaniſh Lady, in a dramatic dreſs. The ſimplicity of the old ballad (which has been univerſally admired) and the recommendation of a celebrated genius, now deceaſed, induced the author to wiſh to ſee it modelled into a Petite-piece, and the glorious victory above-mentioned influenced him to attempt it. With the aid of muſic (which has been ſelected under the inſpection of an eminent compoſer) it is hoped the piece may not prove unentertaining to a delicate and ſuſceptible mind.

The very words of the ballad (wherever they could) have been introduced, which, for the ſatiſfaction

faction of the curious, is hereunto annexed. Tho' the great event which confirmed the author's first intentions, is now rather remote, it will ever shine in the annals of England, and, it is presumed, may still be recent in the memory of the good and brave. The piece is accordingly, as first intended,

WITH

WITH THE HIGHEST

ZEAL and RESPECT,

DEDICATED

TO THE

BROTHERS.

Perſons Repreſented.

MEN.

WORTHY, a noble Engliſh Officer,	Mr. MATTOCKS.
Major HEARTY,	Mr. LEWES.
A Sea LIEUTENANT,	Mr. FOX.
An ENSIGN,	Mr. R. SMITH.

Soldiers and Sailors.

WOMEN.

ELVIRA, the Spaniſh Lady,	Mrs. MATTOCKS.
ANNA, her younger Siſter,	Miſs ——
A DUENNA,	Mrs. WHITE.

*** The lines marked with inverted commas to be omitted in the repreſentation.

THE SPANISH LADY.

ACT I. SCENE. I.

A Sea LIEUTENANT, attended by Sailors.

SONG.

I.

LIEUTENANT.

CHEER ev'ry morn with loud Huzzas,
Now the great work is ended,
We have acquir'd immortal praiſe,
E'en by our foes commended;
Each honeſt heart ſucceſs has crown'd,
Pleaſure rewards our toiling;
And where, of late, fell ſlaughter frown'd,
Mercy and peace ſit ſmiling.
Chor. Each honeſt heart, &c.

II.

Late were yon well-defended tow'rs
Guarded by death and dangers;
But ſuch a cauſe, ſuch leaders as ours,
Bade us to fear be ſtrangers:
Now ſhall our names, and honours ſtand,
Pair'd in the gallant ſtory;
Whether we fight by ſea or land,
Brothers alike in glory.
Chor. Now ſhall our names, &c.

Enter ENSIGN.

ENSIGN.

Lieutenant, good morrow. You're not blown away then? prythee how did your veſſel weather out that dreadful hurricane laſt night?

LIEUTENANT.

Why tolerably well, at laſt. And yet I thought ſometimes, we ſhould never have cracked biſcuit again. In all the voyages I have made (and I have rode out many a hard gale) I never was ſo near going to the bottom. You landmen, now, lie ſafe enough.

ENSIGN.

I don't know what you mean by ſafe; the devil cou'd not have ſlept in ſuch a ſtorm! I'll ſwear, the fort ſhook about our ears with ten times the violence

it did when the mine was ſprung, and I was more alarm'd. Yet, lieutenant, that was no trifling work.

LIEUTENANT.

Trifling! No, faith; for that reſolute dog, the governor, laid about him, like a devil.

First SAILOR.

Poor fellow! it ſo griev'd the heart of me, to hear when the cowardly raſcals had all left him, that he was oblig'd to give up his ſword; I cou'd have cry'd for him, if I had not thought it a ſhame for a man in action.

Second SAILOR.

Ay but, Ben, ſhall you ever forget our commander's uſage of him, upon that occaſion? I cod! 'tis my opinion, the governor was not very ſorry to loſe his friends, when he found ſo good an enemy.

LIEUTENANT.

Enſign, can you tell me where your good commander, Worthy, is? I have a meſſage to him from our admiral.

ENSIGN.

I expect him here every moment. He went to the governor's juſt now, and ſaid, he would return ſoon. Oh, here he comes.

Enter WORTHY.

LIEUTENANT.

The admiral, Sir, deſires your immediate anſwer to this.——— [Delivers a letter.

WORTHY.

He may depend on their being on board by noon. —If at leiſure, I ſhould be glad to ſee him in the evening, at my quarters.

LIEUTENANT.

I'll be ſure to let him know it, Sir.

[Exit with Sailors.

WORTHY.

Enſign, a word. Have you ſeen the poor widow, and her children to-day?

ENSIGN.

I have, ſir—The children are all purely, except the eldeſt, who ſeems chain'd to the mother's chair: 'Tis hard to ſay which of the two has cry'd moſt. When I gave her the purſe, ſhe wou'd have expreſs'd her thanks, but her amazement a while prevented her. At laſt ſhe had juſt ſighed out your name, when I produced her poor dead huſband's watch, which I diſcover'd laſt night, at George Ravage's; the very ſight of it threw her into ſuch an agony, that I was

oblig'd

oblig'd to leave it in her lap, and run off. It was too much for me.

WORTHY.

You give me pleaſure to hear you ſay ſo. Good morrow, good enſign. When you repeat your viſit, only caution them never to diſcover my Name; and let it, on your part, be kept equally ſecret.

ENSIGN.

You may depend upon me, ſir; I receive your orders with pleaſure. Good morrow, ſir. [Exit.

WORTHY.

Enſign, your ſervant! I like this young fellow. The readineſs and ſatisfaction, with which he undertakes a good action, are ſingularly agreeable. Such a diſpoſition reflects pleaſure on itſelf, and doubles every favour to the object it obliges.—How truly valuable in a ſoldier, when ſucceſs has crown'd his arms!

SONG.

A triumph, that never can fade
In the conqueror's boſom muſt ſpring,
When conſcious he duly has paid
His debt to his country and king;
But a pleaſure ſurpaſſing it far,
The ſweeteſt the heart can receive,
Is, to ſuccour the victim of war,
And the ſtate of the wretched relieve.

Enter

Enter HEARTY.

So, major, you have finish'd your visit. Well, will you return, and dine with this good family? I have promis'd myself to them.

HEARTY.

Not to-day, sir; I have some engagements, which I think will not release me time enough: Besides, I have no great pleasure in seeing the poor girl dine upon looking at you.

WORTHY.

Again! you will still persist in that mistake!

HEARTY.

No mistake, indeed, sir: Her confusion when you enter the room, unceasing sighs during your stay, attention when you speak—

WORTHY.

All easily to be accounted for. Her obsequious regard to one, whom she cannot look on yet, but in the light of a conqueror; her hourly anxiety for her father's situation, his wounds not promising so favourably as might be wish'd.—A thousand interpretations may be made of her behaviour—

HEARTY.

All, surely, conducing to prove the truth of what I say.

WORTHY.

WORTHY.

To me it does not appear ſo. I cannot bear that cruel miſinterpretation of a woman's behaviour, which ſuppoſes her good humour and affability, can have no end but love.

SONG.

I.

With ſcorn I view that inſect race,
Who blemiſh woman's faireſt grace;
Thoſe flutt'rers of an hour:
In wanton miſchief, who deſtroy
Good-humour's early-opening joy,
Sweet as the May-morn flower.

II.

Shake, ſhake them off, ye fair, in haſte,
They poiſon ev'ry bud they taſte,
And ſtray but to devour:
Oh, may they ne'er ſucceſsful be,
Ne'er ſip the bloom of beauty's tree,
Sweet as the May-morn flower!

III.

Give me, great Love, my fav'rite one,
I tune the note to her alone,
Her truth my conſtant theme;
With her, may ev'ry hour of life
Flow ſweetly on, unvex'd with ſtrife,
Smooth as the gliding ſtream!

[Exeunt.

SCENE a Chamber.

ELVIRA, discovered writing, after a Pause rises.

ELVIRA.

How many doubts perplex me! Yet what have I to apprehend? The greatness of his soul, and gentleness of his disposition, leave no room for fear. He must be consistent: And should his judgment condemn, his delicacy cannot but forgive a weakness, which his own virtues have given birth to.

SONG.

I.

Not caught by the liking alone of an eye,
Do I languish in secret, and heave the fond sigh;
By passion, and virtue, at once, I'm undone,
And reason compleats all that Love had begun.

II.

Tho' lovely his air, and inspiring his look,
As the ray of the morn when it plays on the brook,
Yet both of them far less engaging I find,
Than the ray of that glory which beams from his mind.

Why must such exalted goodness be fatal to me alone? To every other breast he brings ease and satisfaction, to me heaviness and despair. If all of his na-

tion

tion are like him, how happy the women that are united to them! Even to his foes he ſhews ſo lovely, that his beneficence, and humane care of all around him, make him appear rather a parent than a conqueror. The hours that he has ſat by my father's bed, conſoling him, and the ſweet means he has us'd to dry my mother's tears!—I'll heſitate no longer; I cannot be deceiv'd in him.

[Goes to ſit down.

Enter ANNA.

ANNA.

My dear ſiſter, I am glad I have found you.—What, crying again?

ELVIRA.

No, my ſweet, I am not crying now.

ANNA.

Ay, but you have been, I'm ſure, for your eyes look as red! Do, my dear ſiſter, tell me what you do it for. There muſt be ſome reaſon—You never us'd to do ſo.

ELVIRA.

My little pratler, is there not reaſon enough, when my father's life is in danger, and our town in the hands of our enemies?

ANNA.

Nay, my papa is much better now; and for the town—I have always been told, ſiſter, that enemies were proud and cruel; but theſe people are as friendly and kind as you are to me. And, I'm ſure, one of the captains beat his own man ſoundly, in the ſtreet, t'other day, only for offering to hurt my little lap-dog.

ELVIRA.

My ſweet, the cruelty is all over now; and Engliſh people never hurt their enemies when once they have ſubdued them.

ANNA.

No, indeed, I think we are as happy as ever we were; and they are very pretty people. Dear, how I love to look at the gentleman at table! What low bows he makes! and how good-natur'dly he ſmiles! Well, if ever I live to be marry'd, I hope I ſhall have juſt ſuch a huſband as he is.

[ELVIRA turns away concern'd.

Siſter, I hope I han't ſaid any thing to offend you; I can't bear to ſee you ſo.

ELVIRA.

No, my little dear, you can't offend me.

ANNA.

Indeed, I wou'd not, if I knew it. What can be the matter with you? I'll be whipt if you han't learnt to cry of the gentleman.

ELVIRA.

ELVIRA.

Go, you little trifler, ſoldiers never cry.

ANNA.

No? I vow I ſaw him myſelf wipe his eyes, as he went out of the room, the morning the doctor give my papa over;—and I heard papa himſelf tell mama, that he thought he did ſo, when he gave him his ſword again, after the fight; for that he turn'd away his head, and cou'd hardly ſpeak.

ELVIRA.

Oh, the lovely heart of him! he was ſorry, my dear, to ſee my papa hurt.

ANNA.

But what are you ſorry for? Deuce take me, but a thought come into my head, if I were not afraid you'd be angry.

ELVIRA.

I won't, my little love, tell me.

ANNA.

I'll be whipt, if you don't love the gentleman.

ELVIRA.

The gipſey!—Why ſo, my ſweet? how ſhou'd you know any thing of love?

ANNA.

I don't know, to be ſure; but, I think, I can gueſs a little. I'm not ſuch a child as that, neither.

SONG.

I.

I've heard, when down the maiden's cheek
The chryſtal tears are falling,
And ſobs prevent the tongue to ſpeak,
The heart is paſt recalling:
That Cupid then, at every moan,
Will bolder grow, and bolder;
Yet this I can but gueſs alone,
Till I'm a little older—no!
Till I'm a little older.

II.

That then ſhe'll languiſh, pine, and weep,
Till ſhe her pain diſcover,
And not a ſingle inſtant keep
At diſtance from her lover;
Nor ever feel a moment's eaſe,
Till in his arms he fold her;
But this I may do more than gueſs.
When I'm a little older—ſure!
When I'm a little older.

ELVIRA.

My ſweet little companion, now is your happieſt ſtate, if you did but know it. You are wiſhing for the

the hour that may be fatal; Love, to your unskilful mind, is a dream of perfect happiness; its pains and woes you have no idea of; and may you never know 'em!

SONG.

"Ah me, what pains infest the heart,
"Where Love has fix'd his rankling dart!
"Wishing—yet dreading to discover,
"It's torment to the heedless rover!
"Endless groans those pains confessing,
"Past conceiving, past expressing,
"Silent ever doom'd to languish,
"Till it, hopless, break with anguish!

ANNA.

I've interrupted you tho' with my nonsense—I'll go, if you please, sister, and leave you to finish your writing.

ELVIRA.

My dear, I can do that, without your going.

ANNA, going returns.

O, sister, pray is writing a sign of love?

ELVIRA.

Why, my child?

ANNA.

Why, if it is, I wish the gentleman is not in love.

ELVIRA.

ELVIRA.

Ha! Why, Anna?

ANNA.

Becauſe I ſtood by him, yeſterday, while he was folding up ſome papers, and, I do verily believe he had filled twenty ſides.

ELVIRA.

In all my diſtraction of mind, that fear never occurred to me.—How do our paſſions blind us! could virtues like his fail of attraction? and have not Engliſh ladies peculiar charms? Should it be ſo, I am loſt.—If not, my only hope is here. I'll not delay a moment. [Going, Anna recalls her.

ANNA.

O, ſiſter, one word more.

ELVIRA.

What now, you trifler!

ANNA.

Why you have not time to write now, for dinner's ready, and the gentleman has been waiting in the parlour this half hour.

ELVIRA.

Why did not you tell me before? you little heedleſs creature, what do you expect?

ANNA.

ANNA.

Why, that you'll go to him directly, ſiſter; but don't ſay I kept you: for I wou'd not have him angry with me for ever ſo much.

ELVIRA.

SONG.

To thee, bright queen of love,
I thus addreſs my prayer;
In pity, my fond ſuit approve,
And make diſtreſs your care:
O! pierce the boſom of the youth,
And bid it bleed like mine;
With gratitude, and endleſs truth,
I'll deck thy ſacred ſhrine. [Exit.

ANNA.

Yes, I thought ſo.—The murder's all out. Yet I don't know, ſome how or other, what my ſiſter ſays about love, don't ſeem like the ſong, mama taught me; and which ſhe is ſo fond of, becauſe papa made it for her, juſt after they were marry'd.

SONG.

I.

Great is the treaſure,
When cooing,
And wooing,
We hope for no pleaſure,
But that of our love!

II.

II.

Yet more ſincere,
More tender and dear,
When coying,
And toying,
Hearts wanton in pleaſure,
No doubt can remove.

III.

When once the tender ſigh diſcovers,
The ſoothing ſtate of mutual lovers,
Then ev'ry day,
In bleſſing,
Paſt gueſſing,
(Each hour confeſſing,
Their fondneſs encreaſing,)
O! how ſweet it flies away,
On downy pinions gay,
How ſweet away! [Exit.

ACT

ACT II.

Scene, a Hall in the Governor's Houſe.

Enter WORTHY.

WORTHY.

THE welcome orders are come, at laſt; and I may now hope to be compleatly happy. A monarch's ſmiles are a ſoldier's publick praiſe and reward. Yet a nearer bliſs remains to crown his fatigues, and recompence his dangers; Love! My heart is now impatient for the ſweet moment of my arrival; for the glorious opportunity of proving my conſtancy to my dear Harriet; of devoting to her, the truth and affection, which, by merit, much more than by vows, ſhe is juſtly entitled to.

SONG.

The conſtant mind with pride o'erflows,
To ſee its joys, and triumphs near:
And with redoubl'd tranſport glows,
To crown the fair with truth ſincere;
Not ſuch, as, in deſire alone,
The vain and fickle heart can prove,
But ſuch as virtue ſmiles to own,
The dear reward of gen'rous love. [Exit.

II.

Scene, a Chamber.

Enter ANNA.

ANNA.

I have been thinking, ever ſince dinner, if my ſiſter ſhould marry this gentleman, and go to his country, they might take me with them;—and then how pure that would be, to ſee ſuch numbers of fine people, all as pretty as he! and I might get one of them for my huſband, may be, as well as ſhe, when I am big enough. Oh, that would put me out of my little wits. I hear it is a ſweet place. They have no nunneries, nor locking up there, but all the ladies do juſt what they pleaſe.

SONG.

I.

If I had riches at my will,
And freedom at command;
Of pleaſure I would take my fill:
And ſee the Engliſh land,
Oh, how happy, how happy, I then ſhou'd be;
From jealous dons,
And ſurly ones,
And from a nunnery free.

And

II.

And then, might I but pick and chooſe,
What huſband I would have;
No tyrant ſhould my heart abuſe,
I'd have a Briton brave;
And how happy, how happy, I then ſhou'd be!
From jealous dons,
And furly ones,
And from a nunnery free.

Enter DUENNA.

DUENNA.

Ay, my dear, you may as well leave off your ſinging, for here's ſad news. There are orders come for the gentleman and all his men to go home. He has taken leave of your papa and mama, and ſent me to look for you and your ſiſter.

ANNA.

Home! What, to England? O dear! Sure he need not go, whether he will or not.

DUENNA.

Oh, but he muſt. The king has ſent for him; He muſt go on board this afternoon. He's waiting for you in the parlour. Do, my dear, go look for your ſiſter, and tell her. I muſt go back to your papa. [Exit.

ANNA.

Indeed, I can't go look for her, nor tell her neither, I am ſo ſorry; and he lov'd me ſo dearly; if he had but been marry'd to my ſiſter, before he went—Here ſhe comes. How ſhall I tell her? [Crying.

Enter ELVIRA.

ELVIRA.

Anna, my dear, what's the matter?

ANNA.

O, ſiſter, I can hardly ſpeak for crying—

ELVIRA.

Why, my ſweet, what has befal'n you?

ANNA.

The gentleman's going.

ELVIRA.

Going! Where?

ANNA.

Home to his own country. And he muſt go directly.

ELVIRA.

ELVIRA.

The blow, I long have dreaded, now has ſtruck me—No time for reaſon! diſtraction and deſpair aſſiſt me!

SONG.

Hence coy reſerve, no more I'll bear
This endleſs, heart-conſuming care,
But ſpite of ſhame and fear, diſcloſe
My inmoſt ſoul, with all its woes;
His pity only can remove
Theſe bitter pangs, and ſooth my love. [Exit.

ANNA.

Yes, I thought how it wou'd be. I'm ſorry for my ſiſter, I'm ſorry for myſelf—I can't bear the thoughts of loſing him, he loved me ſo dearly, and was ſo good to me.

SONG.

I.

Ah, ſiſter, where's thy lover?
And where my promis'd joy?
How ſoon the hopes are over,
That did my thoughts employ!

II.

II.

Juſt ſo I've ſeen, when toying,
With cards I've raiſed a tow'r,
A moment's breath deſtroying
The labour of an hour. [Exit.

Scene, a Parlour.

Enter WORTHY confus'd, ELVIRA following.

ELVIRA.

Nay, do not ſhun me; the fatal truth is told; reflect and pity me.—I know that female reſerve, decorum, delicacy, all condemn me, yet do not you. Think what the heart muſt feel, that dares ſurmount 'em.—'Tis death to loſe you.

SONG.

Ah, ſee, with what torture my boſom is torn!
For pity don't leave me,
In abſence to grieve me,
Forlorn and deſpairing the long day to mourn
The joy of my heart that no more will return.

WORTHY.

This is an unexpected ſtroke. My heart is afflicted with her diſtreſs.—What can I ſay?

ELVIRA.

Yet you turn away; yet you are cruel! I have been wrong, and you think meanly of me; if it be

ſo, let me hear you ſay it.—Blame me, revile me, do any thing but leave me.

WORTHY.

Think not ſo meanly of me, deareſt lady, as that I can be inſenſible to the honour you propoſe. I feel it all, and, with gratitude acknowledge it; but what return is in my power? You forget I am your country's foe.

ELVIRA.

You have forgot it long. To your unparalelled virtues, we owe all that can make us happy. With our city, you have ſubdu'd our minds.—Let not me alone experience your cruelty. Mildneſs and indulgence are your nation's virtues. Shew them now to me.

WORTHY.

Dear lady, reflect a little, I muſt ſully my fame for ever, were it ſaid at my departure, I robb'd your city of its pride, and your father of his happineſs.

ELVIRA.

Without a bluſh would I proclaim my paſſion; my eagerneſs to accompany you. My father knows and loves your virtues. You have made yourſelf ſo dear to him, that he could not but be proud of your alliance.

WORTHY.

Yet your ſex, lady!—

ELVIRA.

ELVIRA.

My ſex I could diſguiſe. I would dreſs me like a page, and attend you thro' the hardeſt fortunes you could encounter; and in my perſeverance I would rival Engliſh conſtancy and affection.

SONG.

WORTHY.

" Yet think what perils may ariſe,
" When tempeſts blow from angry ſkies;
" Where danger wakes eternal fears,
" And death in ev'ry blaſt appears.

ELVIRA.

" With thee the hardeſt woes I'll ſhare,
" With thee the keeneſt fortunes bear;
" From every doubt and terror free,
" My life with rapture loſe for thee.

WORTHY.

It ſhall be ſo!—To diſguiſe it longer would be diſhoneſt. Deareſt lady, Oh forgive, while I declare a fatal truth. It is not in my power to accept your proffer'd love, without making myſelf the worſt of villains. I left behind me, in England, a ſweet woman, to whom I have ſworn to devote every hour, and every bleſſing of life. In early youth our vows were plighted: Her conſtancy and merit, deſerve more, much more from me, than I can ever pay.

Think

Think not then I ſlight or undervalue your deſert, if I ſay, I muſt not hear you farther.

SONG.

" Attend, gentle lady, nor deem me unkind,
" When I tell the unſhaken reſolve of my mind:
" Tho' your fondneſs regret, let your reaſon approve;
" And, Oh, in your own, read the ſtrength of my love;
" Not all the extenſive allurements of gain,
" Nor all the proud titles, and grandeur of Spain,
" Shou'd tempt me from honour and truth to depart,
" Or wrong, by falſe vows, the delight of my heart.

ELVIRA.

I am ſatisfied.

SONG.

Lowly thus I ſue for favour,
Oh forgive my fond offence!
Mildly look on that behaviour,
Which true love did firſt commence!
Many days may fortune ſend her,
Who enjoys ſo true a friend;
Love his richeſt bleſſings lend her!
Of my ſuit I make an end.

Commend me to that virtuous maid. Tell her my diſtreſs, but tell it favourably. Let her not, on my

account, think amiſs of Spaniſh ladies. Modeſty and virtue adorn them. My errors, do not call them crimes, at leaſt by you, ſhould be forgiven. Them, and you, I ever ſhall lament.

WORTHY.

My heart, generous lady, bleeds for your diſtreſs. Why is my eſteem all I can beſtow in return?

ELVIRA.

One moment more—that is not much—and I releaſe you to the purſuit of your bliſs. Theſe jewels, theſe little ornaments, which I ſhall now no longer need, give to that happy fair. Let them not be leſs dear, becauſe I ſent 'em. Let them teſtify my wiſhes for a continuance of her bliſs.

WORTHY.

This bracelet only—The reſt I muſt not, cannot touch—This will I preſent her, as a token of your virtuous affection, which, when ſhe hears you ſtory, ſhe will enrich with a tear, and lament you with the tenderneſs of a ſiſter.

ELVIRA.

Farewel for ever. The bleſſing of a broken heart go with you. For your dear ſake, deaf to love and all its claims, within a cloiſter will I hide my woes, and in devotion ſeek relief and pardon.

SONG.

When o'er the wide deep, the ſpread canvas I view,
And ſend all my ſoul out in wiſhes for you,
All pale as I languiſh,
Quite ſpent with my anguiſh,
If in my laſt ſigh, your dear loſs I deplore,
Oh, let me be pitied;—I aſk for no more.

II.

Tho' your promis'd joy be the bane of my peace,
If, ages o'er ages, my woes muſt encreaſe,
My heart ſorely rending,
Devoutly when bending,
For you and your fair one, this pray'r I'll not miſs,
O, ne'er may you know an abatement of bliſs! [Exit.

WORTHY.

Unhappy creature! into what depth of ſorrow has ſhe plung'd me! Her afflictions have taken ſuch hold of my heart, that my deareſt hopes are huſh'd in attention to them.

SONG.

In my friendſhip, hapleſs lady,
Will I always hold you dear;
Ever grateful, ever ready
To lament you with a tear.

When I let your gen'rous paſſion
From my memory depart;
Love, with anguiſh and vexation,
Daſh my bliſs and kill my heart! [Exit.

SCENE changes to the BEACH.

[Drum beats.]

Enter Lieutenant and Enſign, with Soldiers and Sailors.

To them WORTHY.

WORTHY.

Well, my lads, all ready?

Second SOLDIER.

All, all ready, pleaſe your honour. Only waiting the word of command.

WORTHY.

You have diſcharg'd all your commiſſions, Enſign?

ENSIGN.

To the ſlighteſt circumſtance, Sir; the widow, and her family, ſend prayers and tears to you.

WORTHY.

I am indebted to your care, and will reward it. Now lads, for the crown of all your gallant actions; they are ſtill freſh in the minds of your countrymen; and you are going to receive the praiſes of a king,

and

and a nation, who are ever ready to remember and to reward the defenders of their rights and liberties. —And now for England!

SONG.

I.

All hands, brave boys, for England, ho!
All hands, brave boys, for England, ho!
Chorus. All hands, &c.

Let us leave the coaſt of Spain,
And troop jolly back again,
Once more to behold dear England, ho!
Chorus. Let us, &c.

II.

We have fought the cauſe of England, ho!
We have fought the cauſe of England, ho!
Chorus. We have, &c.

With the fiery Spaniſh dons,
We have dealt like honour's ſons,
And in triumph ſeek old England, ho!
Chorus. With the, &c.

III.

Tho' we dearly love little England, ho!
Tho' we dearly love little England, ho!
Chorus. Tho' we, &c.

Let

Let juſtice give the word,
And glory draw the ſword,
And again we'll leave little England, ho!
Chorus. Let Glory, &c.

FINIS.

OLD BALLAD
OF THE
SPANISH LADY,

WILL you hear of a SPANISH Lady,
How ſhe woo'd an ENGLISH Man?
Garments gay and rich as may be,
Deck'd with Jewels, ſhe had on:
Of a comely Countenance,
And Grace was ſhe;
By Birth and Parentage,
Of high Degree.

As his Pris'ner there he kept her,
In his Hands her Life did lie;
Cupid's Bands did tie them faſter,
By the Liking of an Eye.
In his courteous Company
Was all her Joy;
To favour him in any thing,
She was not coy.

But at length there came Commandment,
For to ſet all Ladies free,
With their Jewels ſtill adorned,
None to do them Injury.
Then ſaid this Lady mild,
Full woe is me!
Oh! let me ſtill enjoy
My kind Captivity.

Gallant

Gallant Captain, take ſome Pity
On a Woman in Diſtreſs:
Leave me not within this City,
For to die in Heavineſs.
They have ſet this preſent Day
My Body free;
But my Heart in Priſon ſtill
Remains with thee.

Why ſhould'ſt thou, fair Lady, love me,
Whom thou knoweſt thy Country's Foe?
Thy fair Words make me ſuſpect thee,
Serpents lie where Flowers grow.
All the harm I think on thee,
Moſt courteous Knight,
I wiſh the ſame on me,
May fully light.

Bleſſed be the Time and Seaſon,
When you came on Spaniſh Ground,
If that you may our Foes be termed,
Gentle Foes we have you found.
With our City you have won
Our Hearts each one.
Then to your Country bear away!
What is your own.

Reſt you ſtill, you gallant Lady,
Reſt you ſtill, and weep no more
Of fair Lovers, you have Plenty,
SPAIN doth yield you woundrous Store.

SPANIARDS,

SPANIARDS fraguht with Jealouſy
We oft do find;
But ENGLISHMEN, throughout the World,
Are counted kind.

Leave me not unto a SPANIARD,
Thou alone enjoy'ſt my Heart;
I am loving, young, and tender,
Love is likewiſe my Deſert.
Still to ſerve thee Day and Night,
My Mind is preſt;
The Wife of every ENGLISHMAN
Is ſurely bleſt.

It would be a Shame, fair Lady,
For to bear a Woman hence:
Engliſh Soldiers never carry
Any ſuch without Offence.
I will quickly change myſelf,
If it be ſo,
And like a Page will follow thee,
Where'er you go.

I have neither Gold nor Silver,
To maintain you in this Caſe,
And to travel is great Charges,
Which you know in every Place.
My Chains and Jewels every one
Shall be thy own,
And eke ten Thouſand Pounds in Gold,
Which lies unknown.

On the Seas are many Dangers,
Many Storms do there ariſe,
Which will be to Ladies fatal,
And force Tears from watry Eyes.
Well, in Troth, I ſhall endure
Extremity;
For I could find in my Heart to loſe
My Life for thee.

Courteous Lady leave this Fancy,
Here comes all that breeds this Strife,
I in ENGLAND have already
A ſweet Woman to my Wife.
I will not falſify my Vow
For Gold nor Gain,
Nor yet for all the faireſt Dames
Which are in SPAIN.

Oh! how happy is that Woman,
Who enjoys ſo true a Friend!
Many Days I pray God ſend her,
Thus of my Suit I make an End:
On my Knees I Pardon crave
For this Offence,
Which Love and true Affection
Did firſt commence.

Commend me to that gallant Lady,
Bear to her this Chain of Gold,
With theſe Bracelets, for a Token,
Grieving that I was ſo bold;

All my Jewels in like ſort,
Take thou with thee;
For they are fitting for thy Wife,
But not for me.

I will ſpend my days in prayer,
Love and all his Laws defy:
In a Nunn'ry I will ſhroud me
Far from any Company.
But e're my Prayers have an End,
Be ſure of this,
To pray for thee, and thy Lady
I will not miſs.

Thus farewel, thou gallant Captain,
Farewel to my heart's content.
Count not Spaniſh Ladies wanton,
Tho' to thee my Heart was bent.
All Joy and true Proſperity
Remain with thee:
The like thereof fall to thy Share,
Moſt fair Lady!

All my Jewels in like fort,
Take thou with thee:
For they are dirting for thy Wife,
But not for me.

I will spend my days in prayer,
Love and all his Laws defy:
In a Nunn'ry I will shroud me
Far from any Company.
But e're my Prayers have an End,
Be sure of this,
To pray for thee, and thy Lady
I will not miss.

This farewel, thou gallant Captain,
Farewel to my heart's content.
Count not Spanish Ladies wanton,
Tho' to thee my Heart was bent.
All Joy and true Prosperity
Remain with thee:
The like thereof fall to thy Share,
Moth fair Lady!